

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

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MARYSVILLE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

Wayside Flowers.

"Still, in thy dream-land, Poesy,
Oh what a flower of beauty lies;
Fairer than the bluest of flowers,
Of a thousand sunset skies.
(With soft blue of changing blue,
O'er whose velvet and are clustered
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew.)"

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.
From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.
There's not in India a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with an immortal wing,
To me—to me, thy hand has given.
The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine—
This life which I have dared invoke,
Thenceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.
Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference, passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again upon some future day.
When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
The tall, ragged weeds, that climb the blade above,
And all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.
When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wilder worlds and leant what's now un-
known,
Have made life clear, and worked out each his
way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.
Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters say!
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

THE RED STAIN ON THE LEAVES.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

The wood-bird's nest upon the bough
Deserted hangs, and heaped with leaves.
Once filled with life and joy, but now
Sad as a stricken heart that grieves.
Amid the light of such a scene,
Where silent vales and hills are clad
In gayest hues of gold and green,
Why should the human heart be sad?
Yet sombre thoughts flit through the mind,
And pass unspoken and unsung,
As leaves, touched by the Autumn wind
Fall from the twigs to which they clung.
Here, like the patriarch in his dream,
We see the ladder angels trod,
The mountains to our vision seem
To lean against the throne of God.
The valls of golden mist that rise
Over the wood-lands to the sea,
Drop where the gallant soldier lies,
Whose furlough is eternity.
Upon the leaves now near and red,
That once were flakes of fire to me,
I see the blood our armies shed,
That our dear country might be free.

"FORGET THEE!"

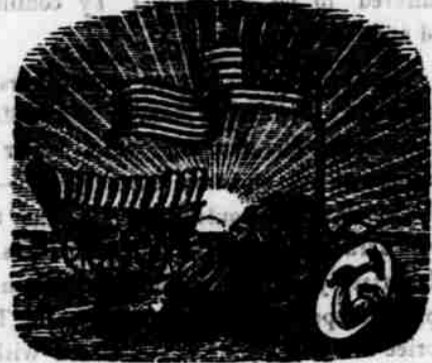
Forget thee! 'Tis a bitter word
I would it were unsaid—
Forgetfulness is not with life,
But with the silent dead;
And till the hand of death
Shall sleep this throbbing brow,
This heart shall still remain as true,
As constant, pure as now.
Forget thee! Yes, when o'er my grave
The careless foot shall tread;
When this sad heart has found its rest,
With all the quiet dead—
I then may come to think of thee,
As earthly mortals do;
But, oh! I'll meet thee, love, in Heaven,
With heart unchanged and true.

The Big Blue Union.

JOHN P. CONE, EDITOR.

MARYSVILLE, KANSAS.

Saturday, December 27, 1862.



THE WEST.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea.
The elements of Empire here
Are plastic yet and warm,
And the chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.
Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

John G. Whittier.

FROM COLORADO.

We make the following extracts in relation to the topography, climate, etc., of our neighboring Territory from a letter written us by a friend at Pueblo, Colorado: Colorado possesses one of the finest climates in the world. Situated 7000 or 8000 feet above the level of the sea, the air is pure and bracing; the temperature is at all seasons equable, there being but very little rain or snow, (ie in the valleys) which makes it a healthy country—an especial advantage in the settlement of any new territory, where medical assistance is often out of the question.

Plowing can be done at all seasons of the year. Frosts never later than the middle of April to the first of May—earlier than the middle of September. Irrigation is necessary in order to produce any crop to perfection, but the farmer is more than compensated for his extra trouble in the certainty and increased production of his crops. No country is better adapted to grain-growing when properly irrigated. The Dent corn does well here after the second year, and all the common garden vegetables grow to the utmost perfection. Wild fruits abound:—this season plums and grapes were plentiful; cherries of different varieties—one resembling the common choke-cherry, except the fruit which grows in clusters like the tame and is not as choky as those in the East; another which is very large and fine, growing upon bushes not more than a foot high and covered with fruit from the ground up. Currants of three varieties, red, white and black, all superior in flavor and size to those cultivated in the States. Raspberries along the edges of the mountains, the largest I ever saw. Game is comparatively plenty;—white and black tail deer, antelope, bear, and elk in the mountains. Wolves, panthers and mountain lions range the mountains and forest, and all the smaller animals that generally abound in an open country, more or less broken and wooded.

The mines as a general thing are paying better this year than ever before. The miners are working gulch diggings over for the second and third time, and are making excellent pay in various parts of the mining region. Quartz mining will probably be most lucrative hereafter, but as it requires large capital it will be developed slowly. More anon.

A little rain lays much dust.

THE HOMESTEAD ACT.

On the first day of January, 1863, this important and beneficial act takes effect. From that time any person, male or female, being the head of a family, or a young man twenty-one years of age, or a young man under that age, where he has served in the army of the United States fourteen days, can, on the payment of ten dollars and the office fees, enter one hundred and sixty acres, or a less quantity, of any of the public land, not appropriated, as his Homestead. If the land is on the line of a Railroad, where the price of the land has been increased to \$2.50 per acre, then eighty acres will be the quantity to which the settler is entitled.

Occupancy for five years will secure the Patent, and in the meantime persons having filed under the provisions of the Act of the 4th of September, 1841, can, if they choose, at any time, prove up and pay for their land, and thus secure a title before the expiration of the five years.

The provisions of the Act are ample in reference to securing the property, in case of death, to the heirs of the deceased.

On the payment of \$10 and the office fees, at the time of making the entry, the applicant will receive a Receiver's Receipt, which will be his title to the land till the expiration of the five years, when the final certificate and patent will be received.

One provision of the law allows persons residing on contiguous land to enter such an amount of adjoining additional land to what they already own, as will in the aggregate amount to one hundred and sixty acres.

When we consider the vast amount of excellent land lying immediately on and along the line of the Pacific Railroad, as well as the vast unsettled tracts in all Western Kansas, to not notice the land elsewhere, we cannot but feel that the passage of the Homestead Bill will form a new era in Western emigration. The field is now fully open to the honest and energetic farmer, who wishes to secure himself a home on easy terms. Thousands of families can find the best of land immediately on the line of the Kansas branch of the Pacific Railroad, but a very small portion of the land being yet taken. Let the Government surveys be at once extended, and the effects of this beneficial law will soon fill our beautiful valleys with the busy hum of active life.—*Sanction Union.*

"SOLACE." "SHORT CUT," AND "CAVENDISH."—Tobacco has gone up. A package of the filthy fodder that would only have brought sixpence three months ago, now sells for ten cents. "Solace" is becoming a costly luxury, "Short Cut" is held at a longer figure, "Cavendish" squares are no longer within the reach of youthful loferism, and dust for the nose is rising daily. We congratulate the ladies. Enforced economy may possibly abate in some slight degree the pestilential nuisance, that satire has assailed in vain. The dismal swamps on the floors of our places of amusement may, perhaps, be diminished a little under the pressure of "tenpence a paper," and fewer clouds be blown in Broadway. The "man who smokes in the omnibus" is understood to have waived his privilege until better times, and the wretch who puffs cigars in bed, to his wife's unutterable disgust, will, it is hoped, abandon the recreation from prudential motives. Pocket is mightier than politeness, dimes than decency. We trust that the price of the weed has not yet reached the maximum. It were for the good of mankind, and the comfort of womankind, that the margin for an advance should be unlimited. All the pet superfluities of the crinoline sex are getting dearer, why should not the broadcloth delicacies rise too. Silks are running up, why not cigars? Loves of bonnets are getting higher—why not pig-tail? What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Sorghum.—This new product of the western States is now a cash article in the Chicago market, and the demand for it is active for refining purposes. It is estimated that the crop of Illinois this year, will reach in the neighborhood of 250,000 barrels. The Chicago Steam Sugar Refinery have purchased within the past week about 400 barrels, at prices ranging from 30 to 36 cents per gallon, which they are refining. The quality of the refined syrup is excellent.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward?—*"Morning, I'm Adam."*

Our Currency.

The New York Tribune has a long article relative to money matters, from which we copy the following:

Speculation as to when the reign of this universal paper currency is to end, is not only premature but idle. Conjecture will be in season when the rebellion has been overcome. That dead, w hope may be entertained that we have seen at least the beginning of the end—as one dies the other will revive. It is the present, not the remote future that so nearly concerns us, for posterity is to pay the debt. The chance is that that purdy individual will have less embarrassment in doing so than we have in contracting it. The nation is once more experiencing the shock of a universal rise in prices. Paper now stands for money. Both Government and banks are doing all they can to manufacture currency. As currency becomes abundant, prices must rise, because of the increased numbers of competitors in the market who have money to exchange for property. No matter whether it be coin or paper, or a mixture of both, so that it be sufficiently abundant. Let the clouds suddenly rain down a shower of bank notes giving five dollars to every man who until that moment had but one, the rise of prices would be instantaneous, because of every individual's purchasing power would be fourfold greater. Thus prices suddenly or slowly in exact proportion to the sudden or gradual expansion of the currency. On the other hand, if the currency be contracted prices fall, because there are fewer competitors in market having money to exchange for property. Convulsions from this cause have occurred so recently among us as to be plainly remembered by many, and the general principle is too well understood to need argument to enforce it.

Be of Good Heart.

This is a brave world, look you—a brave world and a blithe. The round, red face of the morning sun—what could be jollier? The glorious pantomime of the clouds, with its innumerable changes—how wonderful, brilliant and fantastic, that celestial raree-show! The multitudinous billows, charging up the yellow sands, with their white mane's streaming on the breeze—what a spectacle of strength and beauty! The green fields dotted with lowing and bleating life; the purple mountains; the fertilizing rivers running on their shining errands through the vales; the shouting cataracts; the broad lakes, with their fair islands, that seem as they had floated from the pleasant shore to their quiet anchorage; the tree-plumed hills; the sky-bounded "meadows of the wilderness;" the roaring cities; the white villages, sleeping among groves and orchards—all these to the unjaundiced mind are suggestive of cheerful thoughts, and happy fancies. Even when storms darken the political firmament, and the shadow of evil falls for a time on the land we love, there is no excuse for dolefulness, since gloom is transient and light lives behind the blackest clouds. Be, then, of good heart, and never yield to despair.

The States which have yet to elect their Representatives to the next Congress and the dates at which they usually hold their elections, are as follows:

- New Hampshire, on the 2nd Tuesday in March 1863.
- Rhode Island, first Wednesday in April, 1863.
- Connecticut, first Monday in April 1863.
- Maryland, first Wednesday in November, 1863.
- Kentucky, first Monday in August, 1863.
- California, first Tuesday in September, 1863.
- Virginia, fourth Tuesday in May 1863.
- North Carolina, (Time not yet specified.)
- Tennessee, (time not yet specified.)

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are annoying greatly the teamsters engaged in hauling corn to Fort Larned. They want something to eat, and in many cases strip the teamsters of everything they have.—They want killing off or driving back.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRLS.—Fourteen young women, of Brentwood, New Hampshire, went a few nights since, to the house of an aged farmer, who has sent three sons to the war, and husked one hundred bushels of corn for him.

All are not saints that go to church.

Out with Them.

The evidence of new vigor and earnestness in the conduct of the war shines out in many other things besides the removal of Buell and McClellan and the forward of the army of the Potomac. The order purging the service of the do-nothings of the lesser rank by whom it has been afflicted—the gentlemen under a load of shoulder-straps, who find a cosy hotel and a luxurious table more comfortable than a November tent and camp-fire, and who, consequently are free to go without orders from their duties and leave their men to shift for themselves—gentlemen whose private affairs do not permit them to earn their pay, and others who are suspected of having no stomach for the fight—the order purging the army of all such is what the country has long looked for and will now receive with delight. It will be equal in effect to the old self-denying ordinance of the parliamentary army in the days of that eminent pro-slaveryman Charles, "the blessed martyr," who ought to have been hung instead of beheaded.—Out with them! will be the cry whenever earnestness and loyalty are the rule!

BURNSIDE'S REPULSE.—Rebels rejoice over the repulse of General Burnside's gallant forces before the Fredricksburg intrenchments and they now declare that the Confederacy must be recognized. Let us say one word to Union men. Do not be discouraged. The sun will shine, and clouds cannot forever obscure the brilliancy of daylight.

Truth is mighty and will prevail. Republican institutions are again on trial. They are founded on the eternal rock of truth, and will triumphantly stand the test. They were in their infancy baptised in blood, and they are again passing through the crimson flames of a terrible revolution. They will come out of the ordeal victorious. Nothing has yet been revealed which should shake our faith in free government, or cause us to embrace the principles of secession. Treason is the same monster it ever was, and will be made to bite the dust. Patience and courage, friends. We must conquer eventually.—*St. Joseph Herald.*

A PLATFORM FOR LOYALISTS.—In the House, on the 5th inst., Mr. Stevens submitted the following resolutions, which on his motion was postponed until the following Tuesday:

- Resolved, That this Union must be and remain one and inseparable forever.
- Resolved, That if anybody in the employment of the United States, either in the Legislative or Executive branch, should propose to make peace, or should urge the acceptance of any such proposition, on any other basis than the integrity of the United States and territories, as they existed at the time of the rebellion, he will be deemed guilty of a high crime.
- Resolved, The Government can never accept the mediation, nor permit the intervention of any foreign power in this rebellion in our domestic affairs.
- Resolved, That no two Governments can exist within the territory now belonging to the United States, and which acknowledged their jurisdiction at the time of the insurrection.

A gentleman who has carried a Mexican dollar for a pocket piece for many years has done a pretty good business with it lately by exhibiting it at a three cent postage stamp a sight.

There is a Gaelic proverb: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

True courage always counts the peril, as an agile leap is always measured first with a cool, clear eye.

Cheerfulness arises half from personal goodness, half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

It may do little good to follow good advice if you follow at too great a distance.

An Englishman never knows happiness, with him it is only "appiness."

The sourest cider in the world is made from the apples of discord.

Industrious worms are employed in making silk to clothe idle ones.

We can rarely be what we would be, but always what we should.

The child is the future, the adult is the present, the old man is the past.

A fast man, like a fast stream, is usually shallow.